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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JUNE 28, 1876.

NO. 25.

Flowers.

Beautiful Flowers! wherever ye bloom
With your soft-tinted leaves and your fragrant perfume;
Whether in Spring ye come from the ground;
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around;
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,
Beautiful Flowers! I love ye well.
Behold a young girl, in her mirthful play
Laughing the hours of childhood away;
The light winds are waving her sunny hair;
And her voice is sweet in the silent air;
While her fair hands are twining, from summer bower,
Wild blooming wreaths of the beautiful flowers.

The scene is now changed, for years have flown;
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown;

And the lover is there who fain would tell
The secret their eyes have reveal'd too well;

But Flowers he plants in her snowy breast,
And their eloquent leaves have his love confess'd.

Tis a bridal morn and loudly swell,
A merry peal from the old church-bells; the white-robed bride is smiling now
'Neath a blushing wreath of the orange-bough;

And brightey'd maidens around her strew
Beautiful flowers, o'er every hue.

There's a voice of sorrow—for time hath fled—

A wife and a mother lie cold and dead; They've laid her to sleep in her endless rest;
With a young babe clasp'd to her marble breast;

And Flowers are there, with their perfume bright,

Decking the bier and the blossoms in death.

In the green churchyard is a lonely spot,
Where the joyous sunshine enters not; Deep in the gloom of the express shade,
There lies her home in the cold earth made;

And over her still the sweet flowers bloom—

They were near her in life, and forsake not her tomb.

Beautiful Flowers! ye seem to be linked in the fond ties of memory!

Companions we were of our childhood's day;

Companions we are to our lifeless clay;

And barren and drear were this wide world of ours;

Lacking the smile of the beautiful flower.

Irish Times.

THE HIDDEN CONTINENTAL.

The eventful year of 1778 was drawing to a close when Colonel Campbell, of the British army, landed near Savannah, and fell furiously on the Americans under General Howe. Howe's troops were in no condition to meet the enemy; an unsuccessful campaign in the Floridas had enfeebled his men by disease, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," he retreated up the river.

Of course, the then capital of Georgia fell into the hands of the enemy, who abused his triumph, and consigned his name to an incurable fame.

There was a strong tory element in Savannah, which had been kept in check by the presence of the Continentals; but when the British marched into the city, it arose and asserted its strength. Houses were plundered, and a number of patriots bayoneted in the streets. Neighbor rose against neighbor, and tories led a plundering soldiery to the homes of the patriots.

The Holly family that dwelt in Savannah at the time of its capture and sack, consisted of three persons—the mother, and two children. The father, a man of wealth and influence in Georgia, had died during the year that preceded the outbreaking of the war, and the home of his family was one of the finest residences in the city.

Miriam Holly, the oldest child, was a beautiful girl of nineteen, while her brother was five years her junior. If the father had lived, he might have proven a tory, for he was devotedly attached to the mother country, and when the king's troops took possession of the capital, Colonel Campbell commanded that the Holly's home should not be ransacked.

Thus the house escaped pillage, and Miriam hastened to thank the soldier for his kindness.

Colonel Campbell was struck by the girl's grace and remarkable loveliness, and detained her at his headquarters until he had learned her family history by many adroit questions.

"There goes the handsomest woman in Georgia!" cried Campbell, as the girl left the house.

His companion, who happened to be his chief of staff, looked after Miriam and remarked:

"I quite agree with the colonel. These American rebels are all beautiful."

Campbell was silent for a moment.

"We will not occupy this building after to-morrow," he said suddenly.

I am going to take up my abode beneath the same roof that shelters Miriam Holly."

"Love at first sight, colonel," said the chief of the staff, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Is lady Bonn so soon forgotten, my dear colonel?"

"Lady Bonn behaved!" cried Campbell. "A soldier loves when and whom he pleases, and besides, major, one is not obliged to marry these American girls because he loves them."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of an orderly, and was not resumed.

On the following day Colonel Campbell made Miriam Holly's home his headquarters.

The girl grew deathly pale when she learned of the sudden change, and said in a whisper to her mother:

"This is a terrible event. He is not fit to depart yet, nor will he be for a week to come."

"Miriam, I have been thinking that it might be policy for us to give him up to the army," replied Mrs. Holly.

"Give him up now?" cried the girl. "Give him up and hear every tory say between you and Miriam Holly, so you see the line of your policy is clearly marked."

"I don't know what to say—I"

"I watched her like a hawk, and I tell you that the girl is dissimulating. There is a rebel soldier in this house!"

Colonel Campbell looked at his major, but did not speak.

"She's beaten me!" he said to his brother-officer.

"I've lost the prize. We'll go back to the old quarters to-morrow."

He was as good as his word, and few persons ever learned why the colonel so hastily quit the Holly mansion and returned to his first quarters.

Captain Tempest escaped and returned to Savannah at the head of a regiment, when the British flag was lowered to a delivered nation.

Then he claimed a bride and everybody was made acquainted with the story of *THE HIDDEN CONTINENTAL*.

Surface Dullness.

The wittiest and most able writers have been remarkable for their dullness in conversation. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the power of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after his interview, "I must go and read his tales, in recompence to myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the dramatist of France, he was so completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty-complet, reporting that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. The brilliant Charles II was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private citizen to Butler, its author. The witty King found its author to be a very dull companion, and was of the opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long since been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving even before a single stranger formal silence. In conversation Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rossau was remarkably dull in conversation, without a word of fancy or eloquence in his speech. Milton was unsoical and sarcastic when much pressed by strangers.

Heroic Inurance.

An instance of remarkable self-control and presence of mind under sudden and intense suffering recently occurred in Belgium. Two workmen were employed at Villes-sur-Oure, in fastening a lightning conductor, at the top of a steep, 70 feet from the ground. One man stood at work upon the shoulders of the other, and a sudden gush of wind caused him to spill some molten lead which he was using. It fell upon the hand and arm of the other, and he had the nerve to stand still while the hot metal burned into his flesh. The slightest movement might have thrown the man on his shoulders to the ground. The hero who saved this life deserves to be rewarded, and we print his name below, that if there be any emigrants in America who recognize it he may be proud of his countryman. To face danger deliberately for the safety of others is high courage. But to do this while suffering from intense pain, when physical nature instinctively flinches, shows a degree of fortitude as well as courage which well deserves to be called heroic. The name of this man of nerve and courage is M. A. Karis.

It was believed by the tories of Savannah that a number of continentals remained secreted in the city. Indeed, several had been discovered since its capture, and at the time of the commandant's change of quarters an active search for such persons was going on.

"Is this house haunted, Miss Miriam?" asked the colonel one morning at the breakfast-table.

The girl started at the abrupt question, and wondered if she turned pale.

"Haunted?" she echoed, with an effort.

"The ghosts must be rats."

Campbell and his chief of staff exchanged glances.

At Miriam's command they stepped from before the door, and she looked at her lover.

"You know the way," she said. "These soldiers will not follow in such a storm. I will be responsible for their safety, for they wouldn't have a bullet

in their uniform for the world. Go, Marvin, and let every blow that you deliver be a blow for freedom!"

He said "good-by," as he stepped to the door; he bade the dismounted officers good-night in a sarcastic tone that made them wince, and then passed down the stair.

The officers' forced confinement was irksome to them and the minutes passed slowly away. By and by, Miriam Holly hid the pistol on the bed, and told the story of her lover's sickness. Campbell and his chief of staff listened with delight to her voice, forgetting that they were prisoners no longer.

Major Guilford had noticed every change of countenance, and when the twain had retired from the breakfast-table, he grasped his superior's arm.

"What do you say now, colonel?" he cried in triumph.

"I don't know what to say—I"

"I watched her like a hawk, and I tell you that the girl is dissimulating. There is a rebel soldier in this house!"

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A Merit Mountain Lion.

II Captures a Child. Charles H. Five Miles, but Handies it With Care.

Last Wednesday several families of emigrants traveling to Oregon by wagon, on, camped for the night near Point of Rocks, a station on the Union Pacific, mountain division. In the dusk of the evening the children were at play within four or five miles of Pontiac, called at the City Hall and asked the Chief of Police if he wanted to hire a mighty good man at a dollar per day." The Chief didn't, but the farmer continued:

"I've got a boy of 18 who wants to learn to be a policeman. He's stout, an ox, willing, good-natured, and he knows over thirty nigger songs. He'll work cheap."

The Chief said the quota was full just then, and he didn't encourage his visitors to believe that his son would ever make a great policeman.

"He's set on it," protested the father; "and as times are hard I think he'll come for 50 cents a day and board. I suppose you board all the men, don't you?"

He went away disappointed but not entirely discouraged, and yesterday the mother and son drove in to make another effort.

The son sat in the wagon

of the oak-colored hair dripping in the slow rain, and the mother briskly entered the City-hall, found the Chief, and briskly inquired:

"Do you want to hire a man?"

He said he did not.

"There's my son out there," she continued, pointing out of the window,

"and he thinks he was born for a policeman. He's been practicing for the last year, and if his mother does say

it, I think he'd make the best officer of the whole lot."

"He's probably all right, but there is no vacancy," replied the Chief.

"Put him on for his board awhile," he suggested.

He shook his head.

"You couldn't take him now, then?"

THE HERALD.
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,
—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT,
AT THE PRICE OF
One Dollar and Fifty cents per Year.

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$1 50 per year, invariably in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause during the year, we will refund the money due on a subscription, or furnish subscribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited; except those of saloon keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we do not admit to our columns for any consideration.

All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising, and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

General Local News.

LYCURGUS BARRETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.....1876.

CROW-K, has become unfashionable since the wet weather set in.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS IN ANOTHER COLUMN.

REV. MR. SCONEE, agent for the Warren Male College, is spending a few days in town.

MRS. MANSFIELD ROWE, Greenville, Ky., is visiting the family of W. L. Rowe of this city.

MORE rain fell last Sunday than on any other day during the past month.

MISS ELLEN TAYLOR and Bettie Cook, were in town during conference last week.

MISS AGGIE FOSTER, No Creek, was the guest of the family of Rev. W. W. Cook, during Conference last week.

MESRS. F. W. GRIFFIN and Wm. W. BRIGGS, of Elizabethtown, Ky., are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

MRS. SAM'L H. HAYCRAFT, and Mrs. Stricker, of Louisville, are visiting the family of A. L. Morton of this place.

MISS FLORENCE STEVENS and Luella Austin, Beaver Dam, were among the visitors attending the District Conference, last week.

The business prospects of our town are beginning to brighten up a little, and the happy smiles on the faces of our merchants are truly pleasant to contemplate.

THERE are more business houses in Hartford, than any other town in Kentucky, of the same size, and our merchants are the most affable and obliging business men to be found anywhere.

MISS BETTIE BRIGGS, who has been visiting relatives in Louisville and Bowling Green, for a year past, returned home a few days ago.

MONSTROSTIES in the shape of chickens with three legs are becoming quite common; but did any of our contemporaries ever see one leg with three chickens? No, nor neither did we.

THIS is the poorest year for big snake stories, that ever the American journals had to contend with. Couldn't our Tennessee friends make a beginning? We don't want it too large, say twenty or thirty feet and we'll feel satisfied.

THE half sunshine, half tears weather of the past week has kept our farmers alternating between hope and fear, but there is now an appearance of it settling for good. If so, the growing crops are all right yet, and the harvest waiting on the sickle.

VOCAL music resounded from the M. E. church, at almost every hour of the day, all last week; and to prove the poet's assertion that "music hath charms," the sweet voices of the singers managed to charm our dowl to such an extent, that everything he touched turned to "pie."

We would call the attention of those in want of anything in the fancy or staple grocery line, to the advertisement of W. C. Morton, in this week's issue. Mr. Morton has a large and varied stock of the very best quality of family groceries, which he will offer at very reasonable figures. Give him a call and we guarantee that you will leave perfectly satisfied.

MR. T. J. BARRETT, living at Barrett's ferry, this county, brought to our office a very interesting collection of ancient Indian relics, consisting of arrow heads, spear heads and other curiosities which we are enabled to name. The collection is intended for Prof. C. J. Norwood, of the State Geological Survey.

The New Bell.

The new bell for the M. E. Church, came to hand last Wednesday, and now hangs high in the belfry of that institution. Talk about Independence Hall and its famous bell of liberty; but our citizens are prouder of their reconstructed church edifice and its new bell than the good people of the Quaker city ever can be of that relic of the Revolution. Many were the anxious ears bent to catch the first of metallic music that floated from its iron tongue, and when at length the clear rounded notes came swelling on the balmy summer air, the hearts of our worthy citizens went out to meet the musical sound and each rejoiced in having at least one object that is a credit to our village. It hangs now, and long may its voice be heard calling the wanderer home to the path of duty and bringing back to his delighted mind the innocent days of his happy childhood, when the peal of the old village bell lent additional charms to the happy hours passed in the grey old church from which mayhap he has parted forever; and long, long may its brazen lips be hushed from sounding that sad solemn dirge which speaks of the fate that awaiteth us all as dwellers on this earthly sphere.

No Place Like Home.

Just twelve years ago, last Wednesday, James Hayes (col.) left his old master who lives in Grayson county, to push his fortune among the free colored brethren of the far South. After going through the war a year in the capacity of cook, James was cast adrift in Savannah, and according to his own account had a hard struggle for existence. Last Wednesday, on the anniversary of his leavetaking, James made his appearance at the house of his former master, ragged sore of foot and hungry. He got a hearty welcome from the family and every kindness was shown to make him feel that no animosity for the past existed in the minds of any of the family.

JAMES says he has often longed for the good old times that's past, and now he's got back to old Kentuck, he's going to stay there till he hangs up the fiddle adobo forever.

WE received a very interesting letter from Camp Jim Ned, Colorado, Texas, but for want of space, we were unwillingly forced to omit it in this issue. The writer records a case of unprovoked lynching at Brownwood, which actually disgraces the Lone Star State. The victim was a young man named Reece, who had recently moved from Highland, Ohio. Being a sober, steady young man, no cause can be assigned for his murder. H. B. Yarborough, constable, W. S. Tate, mayor, and David Breckinridge, marshal, all of Brownwood, are charged as being implicated in the outrage, and are now standing their trial with all the evidence against them, and a fair prospect for reaping the reward of their lawlessness.

JOHN NEWCOMN, living four miles from town on the Hartford and Hawesville road, was getting low in his stock of poultry, through some deplorable piracy of the night. John proceeded to try the effects of strichnine on the thief, and a few mornings since his efforts were rewarded by finding a large specimen of the owl family quietly stretched out in the slumber of death. John was satisfied, and proceeded to measure his ownership which he assures us measured from tip to tip, four feet eight inches. Big wasn't it?

EVERYBODY is going to the Grand Centennial Barbecue to be given by Messrs. Canan & Moore, at Bear's White Sulphur Springs, in Ohio county, on the 1st day of July, 1876. The candidates for Congress, Criminal Judge and Sheriff are especially invited to present and speak upon that occasion. They will be there. The Grangers will have a procession there on that day. Messrs. Canan & Moore, are making great preparations and will have an abundance of good things prepared to eat.

THE most remarkable success in mole hunting attended the efforts of an ex-printer, one day last week. Those undermining pests had taken a fancy to our friends potato patch, and in self defense determined on a war of extermination. By patient watching and dexterity in the use of the hoe, he was rewarded in two hours by the capture of twenty-three. He thinks the prospects for "taters" are better than they were. Who can beat it?

E. SMALL, one of our most enterprising and energetic dry goods merchants, started East, after a mammoth stock of merchandise in his line, on Monday last. His absence is supplied by the obliging and gentlemanly clerks, Messrs. T. Larkin Griffin and Jack Foreman, who will be found behind the counter, ready to dispose of all manner of dry goods at the lowest possible prices.

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Grayson Springs.

This popular place of resort for the invalid, and those wishing rest from the busy world without, has been opened to the public at greatly reduced rates. Grayson Springs are situated among the wild and picturesque hills of old Grayson, and for beauty of surroundings, and rural enjoyment mixed to suit the tastes of the dwellers of the cities, with every kind of innocent amusement, the Springs cannot be excelled anywhere. The healing power of the waters, can be attested by hundreds of invalids, who have received new life, from a sojourn of a few months at these life giving Springs. Read advertisement in this issue.

A Grand Barbecue.

A grand barbecue will be given at Fairview Church on the Cromwell and Litchfield road, on Saturday, July 15, 1876. John Wile, of Cromwell, will furnish the fancy articles, such as: Confectioneries, Lemonades, Ale, Beer and everything suitable for the occasion. The tables will be furnished with everything that is palatable, that is, such as the country can afford. The Grangers of the neighboring Lodges will assemble and have a grand procession. The candidates for Sheriff and Criminal Judge, will address the people on that day. One and all are invited to attend. The undersigned are making preparations for the attendance of a great many ladies. Strict order on the grounds will be required, and the same carried out.

JOHN WILE, ABEDNEGO BAZE, } PROPR'S.

Big Invention.

Lloyd, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's map of America Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world 30 cents, or unvarnished for 25 cents. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1876 with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c. This map should be in every house. Send 30 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.—[New York Illustrated Christian Weekly].

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OHIO must be the healthiest county in the State, as she can boast of more aged inhabitants than any of her sister counties. On Saturday last we had the pleasure of meeting on our streets Mr. Alexander Nicholson, living ten miles from town. Mr. Nicholson is ninety-eight years old and looks pale and hearty, and apparently is good for a full score of years yet. He was a soldier of the war of 1812, and is now drawing pensions for his services in helping to make the British lion bite the dust at that eventful period of our national history. We are about to publish a series of sketches of the early pioneers of Ohio county, and communications or information on this subject will be thankfully received.

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NOTICE.

Persons knowing themselves indebted to me either by note or drug store account are again requested to come forward and settle up. My books are in the hands of Mr. Z. Wayne Griffin, who is authorized to collect for me. Mr. J. E. Fogle, is also authorized, and will sue when it is necessary.

J. B. WELLS

Hartford Ky., June 28, 1876.

Nature's Remedial Agents.

It is said that for every disease that affects suffering humanity, nature has provided a remedy, and all that man has to do is to discover these remedial agents and apply them to their appropriate ailments.

These are mostly found in the vegetable kingdom, and root, herbs, gramineous, and other simple and harmless ingredients are more effective than any of the mineral poisons used so freely by many physicians.

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THE HERALD.



Household and Agricultural.

Horse Management.

Probably there is no animal more sagacious or more tractable and easily taught, when quite young, than a colt. Bearing this fact in mind, it should be the aim of all those engaged in horse-breeding, either for the general market or for the purpose of improving certain strains of blood, to commence the education, so to speak, of the young foal as soon as possible. Foals cannot be accustomed to be handled my too soon, and if taken well in hand before they reach such an age as to make strong resistance, the lessons impressed upon their minds will never be forgotten, and much future vexation and trouble will thereby be avoided. Some noted horse-men and breeders commence the education of the young foal when it is but two or three days old. At first sight this would seem to be carrying things a little too far; but nevertheless such is a fact, and we have the written testimony of experienced breeders, in regard to the advantageous results of so doing, even at so early a stage, in the foal's existence. The method practiced by these breeders is to commence when the foal is two or three days old, and pass the hand down its face, along its back and down its legs to the hoofs, hind and fore, and thus accustom it to being handled. When it is desired to "halter-break" the colt, the halter should be put on it, and then it should be led about, care being taken at the time not to allow the colt to break away from the person having it in charge. At the same time carefulness and gentleness should be exercised, although it should be made to understand that the person having it in charge is its master.

To much stress cannot be laid on the importance of attending to the horses' feet. Many a valuable animal has been allowed to become permanently lame through inattention in this matter. One great error is that of allowing the shoes to remain on too long, the result of which is that the hoof is injured, the leg is strained, and consequently lameness ensues. In the winter season especially the injury resulting from allowing the shoe to remain on too long is far greater than in the summer. During the winter season the feet are generally more dry and clean, whereas in the summer they are oftentimes wet, which, in connection with mud and heat combined, rots the hoof, causing the shoe to fall off. It is an actual fact that cases are known where shoes have been nailed on in the fall and not taken off until the next summer, when they would fall off in the pasture! Is it any wonder then that such practice seldom fails to bring on lameness? The time when a horse's shoe should be allowed to remain on varies in the opinion of various horsemen. All, however, allow that a shoe should not in any case remain on longer than three months, and that oftentimes two months is too long. When we look at this question in the light that nature intended that horses' hoofs should go bare, we must admit that great caution should be exercised in this respect. Shoeing the horse's feet stops the wear that nature intended should be on their hoofs, consequently the shoe binds the hoof and causes contraction when nailed too far to the heel or left on too long, or when the hoof is not sufficiently pared to avoid these things, but it will not always do to trust to the judgement of the village blacksmith.

It is, of course, the main point with farmers to use their horses in such a way as will give them all the strength and agility the animals are capable of, and to work them all they can stand without injuring either of these qualities. Correct feeding is of paramount importance. Nature designed the horse to roam at large, and graze for his living, therefore we should aim to have his food as nearly natural as possible. One great secret of success lies in regular feeding. Too high or too low feeding has a bad effect. It is far better, therefore, to pursue a middle course in this respect. Twelve pounds of hay, and from nine to twelve quarts of oats, given in three regular feeds daily, with a feed of raw potatoes once or twice a week, have been proved by experience to produce most beneficial results. In case horses are worked hard, a slight increase in the above amount of feed may be added without detriment; but bear in mind this fact that hay alone is not fit feed for horses, whether working or idle; they need grain, with an occasional feed of roots, bran-mash, or something to keep

their bowels open. No regular rule can be laid down in regard to feeding, quality, quantity, etc., as circumstantial cases. A poor, half-starved horse is an animal no farmer wants; while on the other hand, an over-fed, pampered beast is nearly as valueless as regards working capacity.—N. Y. World.

Vield and Cost.

The problem for the agriculturist is to get the highest yield per acre from the smallest cash investment, and the practical mode of solving this problem makes the whole difference between the thrifless and thrifly farmer. Just here arises a very important inquiry. Does the largest product from an acre necessarily give the lowest net cost per bushel for articles raised, and if not, is there any definite relation between these two factors? The obvious answer is, that though the largest yield does not always give the lowest cost, yet the chances are greatly in its favor if reasonable care and economy are used. There is of course a limit of outlay on every crop, beyond which it will not be profitable; but inside of this limit it is safe to say that, as a general rule, the more bushels or tons you get from an acre the less each bushel or ton will cost.

The reason of this is so perfectly plain it seems incredible that our farmers do not give more attention to the principle and take advantage of it to increase their profits. The usual explanation with most of them is that, capital being limited, they cannot put more than a certain amount of expense in each acre of ground, even though every additional dollar should bring back a hundred-fold.

This is plausible enough at first sight, but it does not meet the case, as may easily be made to appear. Nor is there, in fact, any sufficient reason why farmers should not raise larger crops, and at much lower cost than the average of the present, or of recent years.

This topic is very prolific and full of interest to the husbandry of this country. The prolific possibilities of the soil, under a proper system of treatment, may well challenge the attention of farmers, for it offers the realist and surest, if not the only means of rendering their acres productive and their calling thrifly.

Coverings for Wounds of Trees.

It often happens that, either by intention, as in pruning, or by accident, trees are wounded in various ways. A common practice is to cover large wounds with coal tar; but this is objected to by some as injurious to the tree. Experiments made in the orchards and gardens of the Pomological Institute, at Ruthengen, in Germany, go to show, however, that its use in covering large wounds is not injurious, but that, on the contrary, a callus readily forms under the tar, on the edges of the wound and that the wound itself is thus protected from decay. There is, nevertheless, another objection; if the tar is applied a little too thick the sun melts it and it runs down on the bark of the tree. This can be obviated by mixing and stirring, thus incorporating with tar, about three or four times its weight of powdered slate—known as slate-flour—the mixture being known as plastic slate—and used for roofing purposes. It is easily applied with an old knife or flat stick, and, though it hardens on the surface, it remains soft underneath. The heat of the sun does not melt it, nor does the coldest winter weather cause it to crack, neither does it peel off.

The same mixture is also useful for other purposes in the garden. Leaky water-pots, barrels, pails, shutters, shades, etc., can be easily repaired with it, and much annoyance and loss of time be thus avoided. It will stick to any surface, provided it be not oily, and as it does not harden when kept in mass, it is always ready for use.

GENERAL COLQUITT, of Georgia, in a recent address, said, "To remove stumps from a field, all that is necessary is to have one or more sheet-iron chimneys, four or five feet high. Set the stump and place the chimney over it, so as to give the requisite amount of draft at the bottom. It will draw like a stove. The stump will soon be consumed. With several such chimneys of different sizes, the removal of stumps may be accomplished at merely nominal labor and expense."

A MAN in Kansas was taken out a few days ago and hung until he confessed he had stolen twenty dollars, after which the vigilance committee which had his case in hand administered a punishment to the poor wretch one hundred lashes. The next day after the occurrence the man from whom the twenty dollars was alleged to have been stolen discovered a hole in his pants pocket, whence he traced his money to his boot-leg and found it safely lodged.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Sturt, Judge, Owensboro.
Hon. Jas. Hayman, Attorney, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
H. R. Merrill, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailer, Hartford.
Court begins on the second Monday in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. E. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Stauffer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the 3d Monday in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Monday in October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Corydon.

J. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.

H. H. Bassell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.

W. L. Rose, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Campbell District, 1—P. H. Alford, Justice of the Peace.

P. H. Alford, Justice of the Peace.

E. F. Tiltor, Justice of the Peace.

J. P. Rosine, Constable, 1.

Constable, P. O. Rosine.

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